

VOL. II.

No. 3.

# THE TIGER.



APRIL, 1905

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## An Original Exit.

One evening a number of men, mostly acquaintances, were assembled in the little back room of Taylor's cigar store. A friendly game of cards had been in progress and had just terminated. The "Judge," so-called because of his silk hat and predilection for politics, leaned back in his chair, one hand idly dallying with a stack of poker chips.

"George," he said, addressing one of the party, "did you see that piece in this morning's paper about the young fellow who killed himself because he drew the capital prize in a suicide club?"

Being answered in the negative, he continued: "It seems that it commenced in this way. A number of young sports up in Seattle started out on a time and wound up with a wine supper. After all had drunk considerably, one of the party discovered that there were thirteen of them at the table. They were all pretty full and when some idiot suggested that thirteen was the proper number to start a suicide club with they all went in for it. It was agreed that one of their number was to kill himself each year according to a drawing held on the anniversary of their first meeting. They pledged themselves to secrecy, to faithfully abide by the decree of the drawing, and then held the first lottery. All this happened three years ago. This particular young fellow was the third victim and left a letter telling all about it. I was thinking what a remarkable fatality it was that brought together thirteen men all of whose minds were morbid enough to

entertain so grawsome an idea as that of a suicide club. It appears, also, that the three members of the club who have so far killed themselves were all young men, healthy and well to do, in short, had station and prospects far above the average. I suppose after the first one killed himself the others felt that their pledge to a dead man was sacred and that there was no escape. It is curious what a strange state of mind a man can think himself into."

"That's so," replied George, "and it is astonishing how many suicides there are and frequently for no cause. While I do not believe that all men are insane who commit suicide, I do think that anyone who is so foolish deserves all there may be in store in the hereafter for leaving a good thing like life before he has to. Do you remember the case of the man who crawled into the furnace of a tugboat not long ago? He certainly made sure of a warm hereafter. If he believed in a material Hades, he surely had the courage of his convictions. On the whole, I cannot conceive of conditions which would induce me to take my own life."

"I can," said one of the party, who had listened to the others in silence, "that is, speaking for myself." There was an increase of interest on the part of the listeners. "When I come to the conclusion that life has lost its pleasures," he continued, "or that I have survived my usefulness, I am not going to prolong the agony. I am going to quit this earth, but it won't be by the poison route or with a gun. I

will go in a manner entirely different, all things considered, from any man ever used before."

"You are a good one if you can do it," said the Judge. "Are you telling your scheme, Duncan?"

"I am," returned the speaker, "for there won't be many likely to spoil the originality of the plan. When the time comes I am going to some place where there are cannibals and be voluntarily eaten." At this the whole crowd roared.

"Oh! go on," said the Judge.

"I'm not joking," said Duncan, as the laugh went around again. "I am in sober earnest, and I mean it."

"Some day I shall disappear and as time goes by and I do not return, you can be sure I have gone that way. Come on, Harry," he concluded, turning to a clean-cut young man who had been one of the listeners to the discussion, "let's go home."

"I believe there is just about enough Scotch stubbornness in Duncan for him to do as he says he will," remarked the Judge, laughing, after the two had departed.

Although Harry Atherton and Duncan Campbell were entirely different, they were very intimate. Harry was the book-keeper for one of San Francisco's largest lumber firms, and Duncan was the foreman of the yard.

Duncan Campbell was forty-five years of age, a powerful, well-preserved man. He was a silent taciturn fellow and his subordinates in the lumber yard never spoke to him unless spoken to. For twenty years he had worked steadily in the same place, never losing a day. He was alone in the world and lived in an inexpensive manner. Duncan had never been known to drink or gamble, and it was reported that he had saved a handsome competency.

Harry Atherton had been connected

with the lumber company for eight years. His more intimate acquaintance with Duncan dated back some five years to a morning when Harry had discovered and frustrated a plot of some of the men to oust their never-popular foreman. From that time the silent Duncan had taken Harry for his only intimate.

"Harry," said Duncan, as they walked homeward, "next Saturday is the last day of the month and it is my last day with the Redwood Lumber Company. Twenty-five years ago I started to save my money. I said then that I would neither marry nor spend an unnecessary dollar until I was independent, and I've kept my word. I have enough now, thanks to good luck, as well as good management, to keep me in comfort the balance of my days. I am going to get married and take life easy."

"Why, Duncan, old man!" exclaimed Harry. "I didn't know you had matrimonial ideas. Who is the lucky woman?"

"I have had her picked out for a long time, and now I am going to see if she will marry me."

"Why, haven't you asked her yet? Who is she, some one that I know?" asked Harry.

"You know her well," returned Duncan. "It is Miss Morton. I have watched her these last five years. She is smart and capable and the only thoroughly sensible woman I ever met. And she is a beauty, too. Why, what is the matter, Harry?"

"Nothing, Duncan. You say you haven't asked Miss Morton yet?"

"Not yet, but you know her circumstances and I am sure such a sensible girl as she is will not refuse so steady a man as myself with sixty thousand dollars in hard cash attached."

"It is hard to tell what a woman will do," returned Harry. "I wouldn't be too sure if I were you. Good night, Duncan," he added, as they reached the gate

of the little cottage where Duncan lived.

Left alone, Harry Atherton proceeded toward his home, some two blocks farther along the street.

"If I were a woman just now," he soliloquized, "I wouldn't know whether to laugh or cry. Poor old Duncan, to think he has ideas of marrying Mabel. I give him credit for good taste, though. It is all my fault for not telling him how I stood with her long ago."

Mabel Morton was nearly Harry's age. She and her widowed mother had been left to struggle through life alone. Being capable women, they successfully operated a large boarding-house. For several years Harry had been an inmate of the Morton establishment. For nearly a year previous there had been a secret understanding between Harry and Mabel that they would be married as soon as Harry had paid off the mortgage on their prospective home, which he had acquired through a loan association.

The next morning Harry was the first one in the dining-room for breakfast and as he seated himself at the table a pair of hands were placed over his eyes.

"Guess who it is!" said a woman's voice.

"It must be your mother," answered Harry, imprisoning the hands and drawing the owner's face nearer his own. Then he told her all about Duncan, of his wealth and of his intention of retiring from business life and marrying.

A day or two passed. One evening Harry was later than usual and on arriving at home found Mabel waiting for him in the dining-room.

"Harry," she said, when they were alone, "I had a proposal to-day."

"Duncan?" asked Harry.

"Yes, Duncan," replied Mabel. "I have been trying to avoid him, but he cornered me to-day. I am sorry for him, still he had no right to be so conceited.

I wasn't considered any more than a passive element in his plans and when I told him I couldn't marry him he wouldn't believe it at first."

"Did you tell him you were promised to me?" asked Harry.

"No," answered Mabel, "although I gave him to understand that there was some one. Poor Duncan, he left me with bitter words. It seems that his plans for years have included me and he could hardly realize that he was not to have his own way. You should have heard him lecture me. I made him understand at last and he left in a rage, fairly foaming at the mouth. I think he must be a little touched, Harry."

"I have often wondered at Duncan myself," replied Harry. "He is so cross-grained and unreasonable at times and always on the contrary side, right or wrong. Did I ever tell you what his ideas of death are?" and Harry related Duncan's remarks about suicide. "Why, Mabel," he concluded, "Duncan is just about stubborn enough to carry out that notion of his now that you have given him the mitten."

Duncan did not appear at Taylor's cigar store and after failing to meet him for a few evenings, Harry came to the conclusion that he had gone away to nurse his disappointment in secret. Two weeks passed and still no Duncan. One afternoon Harry was busy at his work when he was called to the phone. A voice at the other end of the line asked him to call at the law office of Hardy & Hardy that afternoon.

"What is it about?" asked Harry.

"It is a personal matter and very much to your advantage," answered the voice. "I do not care to talk of it by telephone."

"Very well," answered Harry, "I'll be there immediately."

It was not far to the office of Hardy & Hardy. On his way there Harry cudgled

his brain for an explanation, but had to give it up. He entered the office, introduced himself and was received by the senior member of the firm.

"Your own introduction of yourself will suffice for this interview," he said, "but I shall require you to prove your identity before delivering to you what has been intrusted to me. Mr. Atherton, I will be brief. There have been executed and placed in my hands for delivery deeds of gift from Mr. Duncan Campbell to yourself of property and securities worth some fifty thousand dollars. They are at your disposal whenever you claim them. I shall be pleased to continue as the legal representative of the property. I served Mr. Campbell many years."

Harry sat speechless, amazement and perplexity written on his face. "Where is Duncan?" he almost gasped.

"He told me he was going to take a sea voyage," replied Mr. Hardy. "I believe he has already sailed."

Harry sat in silence for several minutes, his mind working rapidly. Had Duncan really started to carry out his suicidal idea of burying himself in the digestive organs of a cannibal? Harry smiled at the idea, then again grew grave. Finally he said: "Mr. Hardy, I am going to make a confidant of you and ask your advice. I will tell you quite a story," and Harry commenced at the beginning of his acquaintanceship with Duncan and sketched their intimacy, Duncan's views and hopes, his ideas of life and his recent disappointment. He also told of his own engagement to Mabel Morton and his fear that Duncan had really set about making away with himself. "Now, Mr. Hardy," he concluded, "I do not want to take this bequest. Duncan had one of his fits on him when he did this and acted without judgment. I know that he has not a relative in the world, and I have been more intimate with him than anyone, still I cannot

bring myself to think it is right. I must find Duncan and tell him several things before I can accept his generosity."

"Pardon me, Mr. Atherton," interrupted the lawyer, "pardon me if I am frank, but I speak as an old man to a young one and as an experienced man of the world to one who has his life before him. I have been Mr. Campbell's legal representative for years. He has not left you all his fortune, only something less than half of it. Moreover, he explicitly explained to me that he wished to make you happy. He said to tell you that you would never see him again, as he was going a long way from here and that he hoped you would be happy with Miss Morton. He did not blame you for concealing your relation to her. I think you are a sensible and practical man. Take this money, marry your sweetheart and enjoy life. I know Mr. Campbell well, and when his mind is made up, it never changes."

"That is so," said Harry. "I will consult Miss Morton this evening and see you to-morrow. Good afternoon, Mr. Hardy."

Harry returned to the office of the Redwood Lumber Company and mechanically finished his day's duties. That evening he told it all to Mabel. They discussed the matter at length and asked the advice of Mrs. Morton. Her good, common sense soon stripped the matter of all sentiment and her judgment prevailed. Three days later Harry resigned from his position and the following month the two were married.

\* \* \* \* \*

Some four years after his marriage, Mr. Henry Atherton, president and chief stockholder of the Duncan Mining Company (he had named it himself) was seated at his desk in the company's handsome offices in the Mills building. The last re-

port from the mine showing a cleanup of over two hundred thousand dollars lay before him. Four years had changed him considerably. He looked a well-groomed and cautious man of affairs instead of the light-hearted clerk.

During all the time since Duncan Campbell had disappeared Harry had not heard from him nor learned his whereabouts. Inquiry at the steamship offices gave the information that Duncan had purchased a ticket for Sydney and had sailed on the "Zealandia," the day before his generosity to Harry was made known to him. Harry had not attempted to probe his disappearance farther. At times when he had thought it his convictions had been strong that Duncan had carried out his threat. The apparent absurdity of such a proceeding would then appeal to the humorous side of Harry's nature and he would smile at his fears. "There is one thing certain," mused Harry, "Duncan's mind was made up about giving me that money."

Harry's health had not been of the best for some time, and his physician had recommended a sea voyage. Harry had arranged his affairs and chartered a large steam yacht and was about to start for an extended cruise in the South Seas.

Several months after this event the yacht was leisurely ploughing her way through the channels and reefs to the eastward of the Island of New Guinea. A canvas awning partially protected a small party on the quarter-deck from the heat of the sun. Harry Atherton lay stretched in a reclining chair, smoking a cigar, while Mabel, now a sedate young matron, sat near by. A boy of two years was playing with his nurse near the rail.

"Land ho!" came a hail from somewhere forward.

"Dead ahead, sir," replied the lookout in answer to the captain's interrogation. "Looks like a small island."

"Do you know what island it is?" asked Harry a few minutes later, as the captain came from the chart room.

"The chart does not show it," was the reply. "It probably belongs to the Solomon group. Most likely uninhabited, or, at the best, a few cannibal natives."

"Indeed," replied Harry. "I think I'll go ashore and stretch my legs a bit. We will anchor off the island, captain."

"Very well, sir. We are to the leeward and it won't be inconvenient."

A few hours' run brought the yacht up to the island. A heavy barrier reef extended along its shore. While steaming at a safe distance from it a break was encountered and the yacht cautiously entered the channel. As the island came more in view it was evident that the channel led to a lagoon or bay concealed behind a point of land to windward. Slowly feeling her way the yacht moved round the point. A small bay, surrounded by all the beauties of a tropical forest, lay revealed to the onlookers.

"It's inhabited," said Harry, looking through his glass. "Why, there must be white men there," he added, examining the construction of the largest of the several huts that were visible. Several natives appeared and stood gazing at the yacht, which had now dropped anchor within a quarter of a mile of the shore.

A boat was lowered and brought to the side ladder. A crew, all armed, stepped into the boat, followed by Harry and the captain. As the boat neared the beach the figure of a man attired in white duck, cut in civilized manner, and wearing a broad-brimmed straw hat, stepped out of the largest hut and came toward the beach.

Harry turned his glass on this figure. The stranger was evidently a white man, tall and powerful. A heavy beard concealed his features. As he approached the part of the beach toward which the boat was headed, something in his walk seemed

familiar to Harry. A startling thought floated through his mind.

The boat ground and, springing out regardless of a slight wetting, Harry rushed up the beach toward the stranger. Any doubt that may have existed in his mind was speedily removed when the stranger leisurely took his pipe from his mouth and said, "How are you, Harry?"

"Duncan!" he exclaimed, rushing forward and clasping his hand. "So, you were not eaten, after all!"

"No," replied Duncan, somewhat shamefacedly, as he glanced toward a group of native women near the huts. "Come up to the shack and I'll introduce you to some of my family."



## Rumor vs. Romeo.

"What mighty contests rise from trivial things!"—*Pope*.

On the afternoon of March 11, 1905, hope rose above par in the prospects of Commercial, assembled on Presidio Athletic Grounds, San Francisco, to do battle and batting against the baseball aggregation of the famous C. S. M. A., for the startling announcement was made that a train had crashed into the special car conveying the Lick nine, and killed or disabled half its members.

But the fond hopes of Commercial commenced to dwindle as the Lick team gradually arrived on the field, until we could no longer find anyone game enough to take our money. Indeed, it was rumored that the rumor of the accident had been rumored solely for the purpose of stimulating Commercial's weak betting spirit. Yet, when time was called, we found that among the missing was our star left fielder, Romeo, who could hurdle sixty yards, turn around five times and climb on top of a fence to catch and breeze a "fly."

It was then confidently asserted that the street-car accident was all a myth, and the facts were that Romeo had been ruthlessly run down while on his way to the

game by a ferocious six-horse team of the terrible Standard Oil Company, that his right arm had been broken, his skull fractured, one eye put out, and his left hip dislocated; but that worst of all, his clothes had been ruined and Lick's best bat broken. It was further reported that Romeo was lying in the city hospital hovering between future forensic glory and the Morgue, and that the police had been unable to apprehend the criminal who had committed the dastardly outrage on account of the blindness of corruption induced by the oil monopoly.

We were told that the ravings of the poor victim were pitiful in the extreme. We heard a vivid word picture of the scene in the hospital; how he vociferated "Mr. Umpire, that was a foul strike!" as his broken wing was being set; and how he thundered forth, "Mr. Chairman, Honorable Judges, Ladies and Gentlemen, that third baseman has not been vaccinated!" as his skull was being trepanned.

This latest deed of the Standard Oil aroused my fighting blood, and I imme-

diately engaged the Honorable Thompson, '07, to take charge of this case and prosecute the Rockefeller combine for conspiracy against Lick with the intent of robbing that school of the league baseball championship and the Vallejo debating victory, by disabling the said Romeo.

I then rushed to the hospital with our attorney, to take the last statement of the injured. But nowhere could we find the patient; and as a last resort we tried the office of the Chief of Police, hoping to find a clew as to the ambulance which had carried off the mangled form of our comrade. All our efforts were in vain. And so hunger ended our efforts for the day.

On the next day we discovered by telephone that our client was at home, but unable to answer the phone. We were informed that his injuries were not so serious as was at first supposed and that he would soon recover. At this news our sympathies were relieved, but on the other side our case against the Standard Oil was diminished. But worse was to come. It was only a one-horse milk wagon that had tried to wreck our friend's constitution. Thus did the Standard Oil rob another victim, for our lawyer immediately withdrew from the case, keeping, however, the ten cents retaining fee I had given him, and even demanding another car ticket to pay his transportation home.

Central had cut us off from telephonic communication, but again wireless rumor kept up the excitement. The reason why Romeo could not answer the phone was that he was at a blacksmith shop having the brass tip of the shaft removed from his cranium.

I could not be held in suspense any longer. I rushed out to Romeo's house, resolved to camp on his doorstep until he or his ghost should appear. After I had waited for what seemed agonizing years, old Romeo opened the door. With staring eyes and baited breath, I beheld him

as of yore, unchanged, except for a black patch over one eye.

"Hoot, mon!" I whispered. "They told me you had been killed dead!"

"What was the score?" was his reply.

"Nine in favor of Lick in five innings, and two runs and a smashed backstop in favor of Commercial," I answered. "But tell me why you are still living. Rumor had you just about all out."

"Well," he said, "when I was running for a car a small boy accidentally ran a horse into me. I tried to save myself by grabbing the horse around the neck, and the shaft cut my face up. I went into that milk depot at Sixteenth and Guerrero Streets to wash my face, and couldn't find any water for some time. Then a milkman got some water for me out of a can.

"Then I went to a doctor to have the cut plastered up, and he said I had a foreign substance in my eye. Now that Dago milkman was the only alien I had seen, so when I get well I must arrange a meeting with him at the reservoir. If I met him now I might not see things in the proper light and might hurt him. But I needed some excuse for not writing a contribution for *THE TIGER*, so I paid the doctor \$1 for the black lampshade and for washing the limewater off my face."

"You are a born diplomat," I said, admiringly.

"Oh, theoretically, I'm not hurt," he said. "My kinetic energy must have been the same as that of the horse and wagon, for when we collided we both stopped. And as the wagon was not hurt, I must be all right, too."

Of course, Romeo is all right. But when certain Seniors heard of it, they said that the horse must have been an old basket-ball player and called foul for two arms around her neck. But, then Randall solemnly declared that the horse was not used to that procedure, having been educated at Girls' High.

CHARLES DE WOLF, '07

# “The Red Bandana Handkerchief.”

(A Story of a Baseball Game, a Red 'Kerchief and a "Texas" Bull.)

They sat in groups around the hall, arguing as to what was going to occur that evening. Everything had been kept secret, and no one positively knew what was going to happen, hence this mysterious air that pervaded the place.

“Bill” Mathews, suddenly remarked, “Maybe Jack Winters has a gotten kidnaped, and there’re a goin’ t’ organize a rescuin’ party.”

The boys around him burst out in howling laughter. Bill’s way of thinking had struck them rather funny, as Jack Winters was Sheriff of Cochise, and to think of any one kidnaping him was as someone said, “Like thinking there’s a hand better than a straight flush.”

Nearly every outfit in the country thereabouts was represented by more than one flannel shirt and pair of boots. Everywhere one looked there was the boots and the shirt, with the 'kerchief to match; some red, some blue. It was unmistakably a purely Western town meeting, with its cowboys, its gamblers, its miners and the average number of petty storekeepers. However, the cowboy element unmistakably predominated. The rattling of spurs on the wooden floor was continually reminding one of its presence, to say nothing of the odor of tobacco. Among them was “Blink” Drake of the D-O, “Micky” Walters of the K-O and “Mormon” Crowley from the San Simon valley. “Mickey” was engaged in telling his two companions how he had “cleaned out” a joint down in Deming, when the loud rapping of a gavel was heard in the direction of the platform.

“Gentlemen! this here meetin’ will

please come to order. I’m darn glad to see so many of youse here to-night, and I hope youse haven’t come fur nothin’;— just have chairs. I’ll ask Mr. Mathews over yonder t’ take charge of the door.”

Cochise sat down with an astonished air. The cigarettes went out, and many a big sunburnt hand fell stroking a ruffled head.

“Well, I’ll be d—d! if it ain’t the ‘Tenderfoot’ McIntosh.” The remark corresponded to everyone’s thoughts in the hall, whoever it was that said it merely made audible what the others held back.

Presiding at a town meeting was considered a sacred duty by Cochise’s citizens, something that many had aspired to, but had failed, and yet this mere boy, the one they commonly called the Tenderfoot, had succeeded.

Charlie McIntosh was not a mere boy as one would be led to suppose; he had been casting a vote for four years, but not in Cochise. He had spent a wandering life in mining camps throughout the West, and had just been sojourning in Cochise for seven weeks before the present occasion presented itself. But in those weeks he had exhibited to the town many remarkable actions, which tended to make him well liked by everyone that saw him. Aside from his mode of talking, which he had acquired from those with whom he had so long associated, there was hints in him of an education. He had been misjudged from the very first day he entered Cochise and on account of his appearance, had been given the sobriquet “Tenderfoot.”

“Everyone of youse gentlemen here

have no doubt heard about Dragoon, which lies some thirty miles or so ter the west of us and youse all know what boast-ers they are there. Well, I happened t' spend two days an' one night in the town, three months or so ago, and in that time I got a good line on the place. The thing that interested me most of all was their baseball team. Yes, they've got a team that they claim will beat any in the territory, and in addition, there's a guy that's willin' to wager one thousand dolla's t' one hundred, or in other words ten ter one that they ain't got no equals.

"Now here's a chance t' win a thousand bucks and a championship from Dragoon. Cochise never had a ball team before, but I'm darn sure that we've got the fellars here that 'ill make that Dragoon bunch look like a telegraph pole in a sandstorm."

And thus it came about that the "Tenderfoot" introduced Cochise to baseball.

When the meeting adjourned that night Charlie McIntosh had received another title, "Captain-Manager of the Cochise Baseball Team." And the next day Cochise began its education in his hands.

The town looked with interest upon the scene that presented itself every afternoon in Morgan's largest Corral. Nine big and husky citizens were being drilled in batting, running bases and fielding. At first the recruits were very clumsy, but as the days went on this awkwardness disappeared.

The idle part of the population sat upon the whitewashed fence that surrounded the diamond and applauded in their own particular way.

It was amusing as well as interesting to stand by and observe some untrained cowboy learning the game, step by step, and seeming to be so wholly absorbed in it that he was unconscious of his troubles of the morrow.

To those that sat around the inclosure

or stood by watching, there came floating back to them the old spirit of their boy-hood, the lost pleasures and freedom.

The Tenderfoot, unawares, had brought with him changes in the town for the good. Many a man since that jovial town meeting had stopped in the doorway of Pedro's poker joint and turned around, guiding his steps over the flat to Morgan's corral. Within one week after that meeting of Charlie's three saloons had closed their doors, and their proprietors had gone off to parts unknown. There hadn't been so many fights as there used to be, either. The whole place talked, ate and slept baseball.

About three weeks after the first practice Charlie announced that a game had been arranged between teams representing Dragoon and Cochise for the championship of the territory and a side wager up of one thousand dollars to one hundred on the Dragoon team.

The general opinion in Cochise was that the game would be close, but at the finish Cochise would be victorious. It was only natural that they had this confidence in their home team. No admission was to be charged, and a great crowd was predicted.

The lineup of the home team had ap-peared in the "Cochise Avalanche" the evening before the great game, and was as follows: Hughey Dubois of the D-O, pitcher; Charley McIntosh of the O-H, catcher; "Bill" Mathews of the D-O, first base; "Mick" Walters of the K-O, second base; James Deering, editor of the "Cochise Avalanche," third base; "Ace High" Jones, short stop, and "Mormon" Crowley, "Texas" Clements and Johnny Champlain, fielders; Henry Dickson, substitute.

A fresh March wind was blowing the next morning and incidently coming from the Dragoon direction.

"Them fellars are a blowin' so darn

much over there, that we can feel it here. That wind will stop, I'll bet you fellars, after the game this afternoon." No one would take him up, so he casually remarked, "Come on, boys, let's go over an' take a look at the jewelry."

"Oh, come off, Mathews, you mean the diamond, don't you?"

"Well, the diamond, then; are you comin'?"

And so the little group strolled off to Morgan's with their hands sunk deep into their back pockets, joshing Bill about his choice of words.

\* \* \* \* \*

Lanky Williams stood behind the pitcher's box and called the game at two o'clock sharp. Cochise had won the toss and Charlie had taken last licks, so the game started with Dragoon to bat, but they were soon retired on no hits.

Time and again the home team landed on the ball, but it invariably went in the direction of Smith, Dragoon's third baseman, who scooped them up as if he had been brought up to them. There was no contradiction to the remark that unconsciously leaped from Duqueuse's mouth, "He certainly am a peach."

Dragoon, on the other hand, did not hit anything but pop flies, when they did meet the horsehide, and so the game swayed in the balance until the ninth inning, when Du Bois lost control and forced in a run. Then it was that Dragoon broke loose in earnest. The noise they made would have caused the fourth day of July to cover up its ears and run away. Cochise's supporters simply saved their fireworks until they would need them, because they all had hopes for the last of the ninth inning.

Charley went up and spoke a few words to Du Bois and then he went to work and struck out three men in succession.

"Three outs!!" yelled Lanky from Willcox; "other side's licks."

Now if some one could only tie that score and some one else add another run, Cochise would celebrate that night on one thousand bright silver pieces.

The score now stood, Dragoon 1, Cochise 0, beginning of the last half of the ninth inning, Cochise to the bat.

Many a stanch citizen had ridden horseback for over four miles just to see Cochise win, but now it seemed as if their homeward journey would be darkened with defeat.

"Batter up!!" yelled out the gentleman behind the pitcher. "Batter up!!"

There had been a little council of war in the ranks of the home team and when the ever-smiling "Bill" Mathews came to bat, he had dropped the smile and had taken on that old familiar do or die expression.

The first ball over was a strike, but Bill didn't blink; why should he? Hadn't he stood face to face with death in many a saloon's back room, calmly looking down a barrel of some excited gentleman's gun? Yes, of course, he had, but the groups around Cochise's side of the inclosure nevertheless held their breath.

"Four balls, take yer base! Next batter up!"

In a second a tall capless youth, with his long curly brown hair playing tag in the March wind that was still hovering in the air, and with a prepossessed, confident look, had sprung into the batsman's box, agile as a deer. Assembled Cochise gazed on him in a manner that spoke of sympathy, encouragement and hope. Their eyes never left him, he was their one hope, the moment they had so long wished for now stood staring them in the face.

The batsman made a signal to the man on first, only those who were gazing at him could have noticed it. He drew a handkerchief halfway from his pocket as if to wipe his face and then hurriedly

crammed it back again, as if he thought he could not get time before the first ball was thrown at him.

“Bill” Mathews, over on first, took an impatient pull at his belt and stood measuring the distance to second base.

The pitcher raised his arm and delivered the ball to the catcher so rapidly that Bill didn’t get his chance.

“Ball one!” Another moment of suspense and then, —

“Ball two!”

“Billy” Mathews didn’t seem to be able to get a good start over at first, but that look on his face hadn’t left him, and so, on the moment when Duprey, Dragoon’s pitcher, was winding up, he started for second base, a red bandana kerchief floating at his neck, streaming out behind him like a pennant upon a yacht’s mast—and the ball went sailing towards the batsman.

“Biff!” Sure enough, the Tenderfoot had met the ball squarely on the nose, but it steered for the third baseman’s finger-mitt, as true as a shot from a gun, and as it neared third something huge and shadowy darted betwixt Smith and the approaching ball. He stood bewildered.

Mathews was running, full speed, from second and Charley was following closely behind, crying to him, “keep a-goin’, keep a-goin’,” when Smith suddenly realized the situation. A large Texas bull stood before him, tossing his head from side to side, with a fierce glimmer in its eyes.

The crowd was intent upon the home plate, as if some play was about to be made or a run scored. Smith ran around to the other side of the mad animal just in time to see Duprey pick up the ball and throw it into the catcher’s mitt. Mathews was approaching home and there stood Dragoon’s catcher, waiting for him, ready to tag him out. Close behind

him came the “Tenderfoot,” who was in turn tagged out.

“You’re out at home! Two men out! Batter up!”

As soon as Charley had touched home and had in turn been called out he turned quickly upon his heel and ran over to Lanky Williams, tugging at something in his back pocket.

The gathered partisans were straining both eye and ear in the direction of the Tenderfoot and the umpire.

One of the boys was leading the frantic bull through an opened gate into the adjoining inclosure.

“Them two runs count! Bill Mathews ain’t out; neither am I! Cochise wins this game two to nuthin’!”

“How’s that? You must be crazy, man; wasn’t you caught out at home? The umpire, here, called youse out!”

“The umpire don’t know the game, and neither do you. Those two runs am legal!”

“You’ve got to show me. I’m from Missoura.”

Already Cochise had caught the Tenderfoot’s words and a loud cheer broke forth.

“That ball I hit collided with the bull that started to chase Mathews’ red ensign, you understand? Well, the bull ain’t in de game, so it’s plain that de ball was blocked, and accordin’ t’ de regulations, has ter go into the pitcher’s box afore it can be again put into play. If you don’t believe my word, look it up in this here book; them’s the rules for this year.”

The Dragoon captain took the book and looked upon the indicated page. He scowled and turned red, said something to Williams and then walked away.

“Gentlemen of Dragoon,” Lanky’s voice rang out clear and true, “I must change my decision at home plate, and allow them two runs good because, accord, in’ ter the rules, regulations and by-laws,

a blocked ball must return ter the pitcher's box before it can be put in play, which was not done; this gives the game t' Coch—" A loud racket broke forth, every mother's son wiped out his gun and fired off two shots into the March wind. Cochise certainly came out good and strong. They cheered the bull, they cheered Bill Mathew's red bandana 'kerchief, they cheered the team and last of all the "Tenderfoot."

In fifteen minutes there wasn't a Dragoon man in town, and the wind that had been blowing so mockingly died away.

Down there in Cochise the boys, of an evening, when the day's hard work is done, sit around on the benches outside the stores, telling of how some one—none knew who, opened the gate of the enclosure where Morgan's bull was grazing, of how Mathews was running to second

when the creature spied the red, and how the "Tenderfoot" won the game by hitting the bull and knowing the game, and then they finish up with, "It's a darn good thing that Charley knew the game, or else Cochise would have lost a thousand dollars, plus one hundred more."

Cochise still holds the championship, and the Tenderfoot is still there, but, sorry to say, big "Bill" Mathews has gone away. He promised, though, when he left, that if they played Dragoon again "ter just let him know," and he would be there with the same old red bandana 'kerchief, ready to play.

And now, kind reader, I have endeavored to tell you this story as it was told to me, but if perchance you should journey to Cochise, you will hear it told better than I have told it to you.

FRANK ADRIAN ALLEN, '07.



## More Science for The Young.

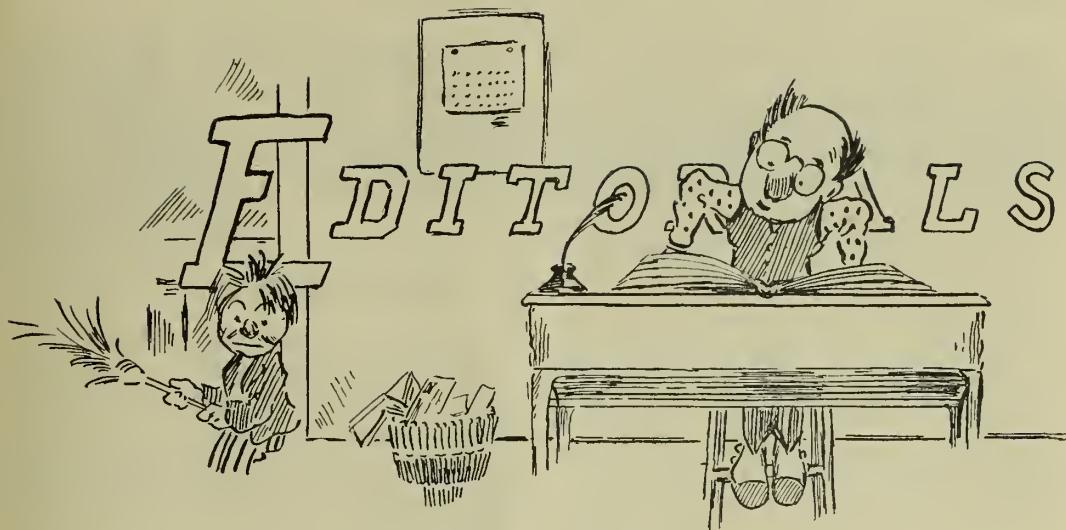
(With profuse apologies to Wallace Irwin.)

Scientific Bobby was in doubt,  
So tied Baby to a runabout,  
When the auto sped across the blocks,  
It dragged poor Baby o'er the rocks,  
"Now," said Bobby, with conviction,  
"Baby is creating friction."

Mother had a cut-glass tray,  
Upon the sideboard it did lay;  
Up to the sideboard Sammy went  
Upon the search of knowledge bent,  
By his experiments did show,  
The rupture point of glass was low.

Tom took Fido by the tail  
And tied him to the steamcar rail,  
The shriek and roar of the coming train  
Made Fido pull with might and main,  
"Ah!" Tommy said, with comprehension,  
"Dear little Fido failed by tension."

A joker vile of low-born race  
Upon a seat a tack did place,  
A student friend came by and sat  
Upon the spot the tack was at;  
Upon this fact you may depend  
When treated right Gass will ascend.



# THE TIGER

FREEMAN W. BOWLEY, '05 . . . . . Editor  
HERBERT S. JOHNS, '06 . . . Business Manager

## ASSISTANT EDITORS

Chauncey Carr, '05	Exchanges
Marius Hotchkiss, '05	Athletics
Minnie Harris, '05	School Notes
Fred Jackman, '05	Shop Notes
Edward Poorman, '05	Joshes

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## ARTISTS

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Exchanges address to C. S. M. A.

## The Monson Lectures.

A new and exceedingly interesting method of education has been tried and proved successful in our school. It was the series of lectures by Frederick I. Monson, the celebrated traveler and journalist. Mr. Monson is an exceedingly interesting character. His life has been a

series of remarkable experiences and thrilling adventures. He probably has seen more of our Great Southwest than any other living man.

His lectures were interesting in the extreme. The pleasant conversational manner of Mr. Monson, coupled with his own personal magnetism and his ability to describe vividly the beauties and the horrors of this vast region, relieves the stiffness and tension so common among many lecturers. He tells his stories in the free, easy manner of one who has visited, seen and appreciated the wonders of this vast natural museum and his own enthusiasm immediately takes control of his audience.

To every one with appreciation of art, the pictures and colored slides which Mr. Monson uses are a revelation. The coloring was beautiful and the effect was further produced by the realization that the pictures reproduced the subjects as they really are, every detail and tint being as it exists in nature.

In addition to his ability as a lecturer, Mr. Monson is a journalist of prominence. His writings on the customs and life of the natives of the Great Southwest and his descriptions of this great wonder region, are recognized authorities. The editor is indebted to Mr. Monson for a number of

copies of Eastern publications which he has edited and represented.

In a school like ours such lectures are of unlimited value. They appeal to every student, irrespective of his course. The art work, the great chemical and universal resources, the vast field for engineering, in fact, all the subjects touched upon in the lectures were of vital interest.

We understand that the other high schools of San Francisco are endeavoring to have Mr. Monson lecture for them. It is an excellent opportunity and will be of great advantage to them.

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### Class Organization.

For the first time in the history of our school the lower classmen have organized. It is contrary to all tradition for a class to organize before its senior year, and at first it created considerable comment among the alumni and upper classmen as to the outcome of this movement.

The natural result of class organization is rivalry among the classes. This is a good thing as long as the feeling does not get strong enough to conflict with the loyalty toward the school as a whole. Nothing encourages athletics as much as does friendly rivalry among the different classes. Our coaches say that class teams are the best possible stimulants for any sport. And with class organization go class teams.

It is a revelation to visiting students from other high schools to see the interest taken in the inter-class games during the last football season and every one expressed the opinion that the practice would develop 'varsity material.

Now that the baseball season has arrived, the class teams are again in evidence and weekly inter-class games are held. The last inter-class field day brought to light several men with plenty of ability

who probably would not have been discovered had the classes not been interested.

If this is to be the result of class organization, may it prosper.

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### The Commencement Issue.

With the issue of the next edition of THE TIGER the present staff shall have finished its work. As is customary, the issue shall be devoted to the graduating class. This number will be more in the nature of a big class and athletic annual than the regular issue.

Of course, there will be a great deal of extra work involved, and the students should assist by supplying the paper with plenty of good stories and bright original jokes.

This applies particularly to the seniors. '05 is rapidly approaching its last days at Lick. Its reputation so far has been of the best and now we must close by making the Commencement Issue not only a success, but a great credit to the class and the school as well.

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As was stated before, the work of the present staff shall soon end, and it behooves us to consider the next year's administration. In the near future an election will be held to decide on the new staff. It is best to hold this election before commencement because the new staff shall have some experience on the last issue and will not be altogether "new" when they take the work themselves.

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We are now in the midst of the track and baseball seasons. It is hoped that the school will be there with the same old spirit and loyalty to the teams, for it is such spirit that wins.



# ORGANIZATIONS

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## ***Debating.***

The Lick School Debating Society formed in September, 1904, has stood the experimental test of time, and is now steadily progressing as a valuable factor in the culture side of our high school life. The average attendance at each meeting is high for such an organization, being about 80 per cent of the total membership; and this is especially good when we consider the many contrary attractions in our school, such as baseball, basket ball, track and handball, besides the orchestra and glee club. The finances of the society are also in good condition, thanks to the efforts of Treasurer Fairbanks. And the increasing active interest of all members shows that the society is a source of great profit and pleasure to all who have time to enjoy its benefits.

The society joined the California Debating League in November, 1904, to compete for the trophy. Its first debate was against Oakland Evening High School on February 11th. Lick chose the negative side of the question "Resolved, That the law should not compel the vaccination of public school children." The judges were Mr. C. D. von Neumayer, head of the Forensic Department of the University of California; Mr. Thomas J. Thompson of Oakland, and Mr. Albert Lyser of San Francisco. Their decision was unanimously in favor of the negative. Thus successful, Lick will meet Vallejo High School's debaters on May 13th, with the same team: Charles De Wolf,

Jerome Barieau and Arnold Brown; Ernest Thompson and George Howson, substitutes.

On February 17th, in place of debate, a mock trial was held, which taxed the seating capacity of Lick's largest room. A divorce case was tried, in which Ernest Thompson defended Mrs. Maria Henhouser (impersonated by William Henderson), against George Henhouser (George Howson, disguised), represented by his attorney, Edwin J. Symmes. The climax of the whole affair was the able manner with which Attorney Thompson handled his case. He so worked upon the feelings of his audience that it was hard to realize that the dear, weak, suffering feminine whom they saw was in reality the husky football player, Henderson. We predict great success for Thompson as a most eminent jury lawyer of the future.

On March 17th the society was treated to a lecture and lesson on Parliamentary law by Miss Fairbrother; inter-class debates are being held between the Freshman English classes; other interesting features are being prepared; so that the Lick School Debating Society will hereafter be a prominent item in the Debating League of California. The members are learning mastery and organization of material, special objects in style and ease in speaking, besides concentration of effort, which will be of immense advantage to them, not only in the society, but in all departments of high school work and all through life.

### **Camera Club.**

The Camera Club began the year with a meeting at which they elected officers for the coming year. Those elected were: Strauss, president; Hilp, vice-president; Cooper, secretary, and Lickel, treasurer.

An outing was planned for February 25th, to go to Redwood Canyon, but on the morning of the 25th the weather was so bad that it was impossible to make the trip.

A committee on the care of the dark-room has been a great benefit in keeping the room in first-class order.

The purchasing of pins of suitable design in gold or silver has been considered, but there has been so much discussion on the subject that it is still an open question.

There are now about twenty members in the club and all of them are enthusiastic in camera work; therefore, we may expect some fine work when the exhibit comes at the end of the year.

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### **Senior Seminar.**

The programme of the Senior Seminar for the last quarter was as follows:

Feb. 1—"Soap and Glycerine," by Trost.

Feb. 8—"Gasoline Automobiles," by Toklas.

Feb. 15—"Steam Automobiles," by Rogers.

March 1—"Electricity as a Heating Agent," by Bulpitt.

March 8—"The Tangential Water-wheel," by Bassett.

March 15—"Centrifugal Pumps," by Millard.

March 22—"The Steam Turbine," by Lickel.

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### **Glee Club.**

The Glee Club has just organized and, although in an infant age, it is progressing rapidly under the leadership of McHenry. From present indications it will prove a welcome addition to the school. All boys, especially those with tenor voices, should interest themselves. At present there is a run of basses, but the director hopes to add more tenors soon.

Someone asked what a blush was.

Shipley—"Beg pardon, beg pardon. A blush? Why, my essence of sacchrine, a blush is a calorific effulgence of the physiognomy aetiologized by the perceptiveness of the clusorium when in a predicament of unequilibrium arising from a sense of temerity or other cause eventuating in a paresis of the vaso-motor nervous filaments of the facial capillaries, whereby, being divested of their elasticity, they are suffused by a radiant aerated nutritive aqua compound emanating from an intimidated praecordia."



## Red Dog's Choice.

"Hon'able voters and feller citizens: I'm a Republican. So 're you—if yer ain't, yer oter be. Now, if these yere Demycrats 'lect their man to-morrer, there's a-going ter be trouble. Now, nobody wants trouble and the only way ter keep outer trouble is ter be sure no Demycrat gets 'lected." (Cheers.)

"So, feller citizens, if yer wants four years more o' happiness and prosperity, just hand in yer vote to-morrer and vote the straight Republican ticket."

A loud burst of applause and ringing cheers greeted "Sody-Water Jack," otherwise John T. Gilpin, as he descended from the packing box, which, in Red Dog, was the platform for all oratorical attempts. But even Arkansas Ike grinned appreciatively when the Hon. John T. Gilpin (for such was his title) spoke of voting the "straight Republican ticket." The people of Red Dog did not approve of expending the "city" funds on the salaries of "city" officials, and thus it came to pass that the executive, judicial and legislative departments of the "city" of Red Dog were vested in one man! Hence the importance of the political party whose candidate was elected, and hence Arkansas Ike's grin when the Hon. John T. Gilpin spoke of the "straight Republican ticket," for the speaker was the man who held all the powers ever since the founding of Red Dog back in the gold rush in '53.

Important changes usually come when they are least expected. The result of the election was decidedly unfavorable to John T. Gilpin. In spite of Republican confidence, in spite of the Hon. John T. Gilpin's oratorical efforts, the "Demycrats" had triumphed and Jeremy White was elected "municipal government" of Red Dog.

Now it may as well be confessed first as last, that the Hon. John T. Gilpin—otherwise Mayor Gilpin, Judge Gilpin, Treasurer Gilpin, Sheriff Gilpin, City Attorney Gilpin, etc.—was sore. Having been the municipal government of Red Dog for thirty-two years, he was loath to retire, and worst of all, he was to be succeeded by a Democrat.

And so he reflected—his term of office wouldn't expire for two months—and finally reached a conclusion. The next morning he met Jeremy White in front of Alkali Bill's saloon. The Hon. John T. G. displayed a revolver; Jeremy White also drew his gun; but the Hon. J. T. had the drop on him, and the next thing Jeremy was aware of, John Gilpin, Sheriff of Red Dog, declared him under arrest for "resisting an officer."

The courtroom (alias Alkali Bill's saloon) was crowded to overflowing with Red Dog's excited and eager inhabitants when Sheriff John T. Gilpin led in his prisoner. Proceedings commenced immediately, and Clerk John T. Gilpin read the charge: "Resisting arrest and intent to kill." City Attorney John T. Gilpin then arose and after a short address called for witnesses. Witness John T. Gilpin took the stand and testified how he had seen the prisoner, Jeremy White, draw a "gun" on Sheriff John T. Gilpin at the time of his arrest. City Attorney John T. Gilpin summed up the case with an appeal to the Court, and the audience was hushed in expectancy when Judge John T. Gilpin took the floor. He announced his decision: Jeremy White was clearly guilty of a heinous crime and was therefore condemned to four years of penal servitude and imprisonment in the county jail.

When Sheriff Gilpin entered the jail on

returning from the courtroom he stood his prisoner in a corner of the office and, seatin' himself directly in front of him, began:

"Now, Jeremy, I'm kinder sorry fer yer—always did like yer in fact—and now yer in a party bad fix. If I'd er let yer off openly in that 'er courtroom, I'd a most likely been lynched by the 'ndignant 'nhabitants. But if I can't help yer openly, thar's no reason why I can't do it secret like. Now, ter-night at ten o'clock, yer'll find the jail door unlocked; make yerself scarce, and by mornin' yer'll be in Mexico."

Jeremy muttered his thanks and the next morning the good people of Red Dog were discussing the jail break.

Several days later Mayor Gilpin announced an election to be held the day followin'—"Whereas, because of the unexpected criminality and subsquint disappearance of Red Dog's former choice, such action bein' necessary to appoint a successor."

Hon. John T. Gilpin was re-elected by a startling majority and it is even hinted that he has prospects of holding his position for several terms to come.

LESTER UREN, '07.



## The Tale of Two Spiders.

A Fable.

One day two Spiders entered a large High School and, seeing the large empty space, determined to make their homes there, undisturbed. They were good little Spiders, these two, and very ambitious. They were bent on making their fortunes, and congratulated each other on their success of finding such a place to make their homes.

One immediately caught sight of a little corner under one of the steps in the hall, and started to spin his web. He no sooner had his new home constructed, than a janitor came along, brush in hand, and brushed him off. Almost dead, the Spider crept down the steps until he reached the Cooking Room. "Ah," said he, spying the clean cupboards, "Now is my chance for a good home. I have heard about the cleanliness of Cooking Rooms, and I am *sure* I can live *here* undisturbed." But this poor, unfortunate

Spider did not have such happiness in store for him; for he no sooner had his second home built, than he was attacked by a large dusting brush, in the hands of a merciless housekeeper.

At length, half starved and weak, he sought his former companion, who had now grown sleek and round. "How is it, friend," he asked, "that I must endure hardships, while you have been so prosperous in finding a home? I pray you, please tell me the secret."

"Did you notice," answered the second Spider, "as we came into the hall, that day, a small brown box and on it the words 'The Tiger'? Well, I was smarter than you; and therefore I have lived peacefully from that day to this IN THE CONTRIBUTION Box, where NO ONE DISTURBS ME!"

BERTHA WILLIAMS, '06.



Even if the "Clarion," Salem, Or., is on our table for the first time, we can justly say that it is and will be one of our best exchanges. One of its chief features is its literary department. Instead of giving us one long, tiresome, drawn-out story, as often is the case, it gives us two or three well written ones, short and to the point.

The contrast between these stories and the longer ones of other papers is so marked that we think it would be very beneficial to some of our friends to take careful notice.

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If the exchange editor of the "Review," Sacramento, had taken time to look over the "Manzanita," she would have found a very good reason for the absence of the exchange column. Although the notice was tucked away very neatly in a corner, it is no reason why it should be skipped over. Why jump all over a paper's first edition? Would not a little encouragement be better?

For the other departments of the "Review" we have nothing but praise.

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The "Mission," San Francisco, has shown wonderful improvement lately both in cover design and literary work. Their

November cover design was very artistic and effective.

We look forward to the results of their prize story contest.

---

The excellence of the Valentine number of the "Porcupine," Santa Rosa, cannot be judged by its size.

"Aunt Chloe" is a very pretty little romance dealing with the devotion of an old plantation negress to a Southern family.

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Freddy—"How did you like that gumdrop I gave you, grandma?"

Grandma—"Why it was very nice. Why?"

Freddy—"Oh, I just wanted to know. I gave it to Fido and he spit it out twice."

---

The "Tyro," San Bernardino, a model paper of every description, from cover design to editorials, gives us in the February issue several praiseworthy stories, among which "The New Year's Letter" and "The Smuggler's Daughter" deserve additional comment.

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THE TIGER presents its compliments to the "Dictum Est," Red Bluff, and wishes to see in the near future its several departments headed by appropriate cuts. The new cover is good.

The "Red and Blue," New York, not only presents us with excellent examples of literary work, but also gives many valuable suggestions in their exchange column.

He—I have an old book at home that I used to read when I was a kid, about an inch thick.—Ex.

We should advise that the "Manzana," Watsonville, have a better arrangement of the several departments. For instance, the subject "Athletics" should be made more prominent by using a cut and commence it at the top of a page. You've started well, however.

For the "Tocsin," Santa Clara, "The Sibyl," Riverside, and the "E. H. S." Eugene, Or., we have nothing but praise. The arrangement and departments of each show no faults.

The story entitled "The Man On the Mountain," in the "Tocsin," is one of the best stories we have yet read. The pathos and sympathy one feels for the crippled boy Joe shows the power of the author over his reader.

Soph.—"I thought you finished algebra last year?"

Junior—"I did, but the faculty encored me."—Ex.

"Billy's First Station," in the "Ilakawinn," Oregon, like most railroad stories, deals with the cool-minded boy who saves the late limited from total wreck by the turning of a switch and is then made station agent by the president. Although fairly well written, the subject chosen is old and hackneyed, and if its author would bear this in mind, the "Ilakawinn" would probably benefit by it.

We like the general appearance of the paper very much.

By the looks of things, it would not surprise us very much if the "Wilmerding Life," San Francisco, was with us now to stay.

If the student body look upon this second attempt in the favorable light that we do they will certainly succeed.

We should suggest that it have a cover design.

A cautious look around he stole  
His bags of chink he chunk,  
And many a wicked smile he smole  
And many a wink he wunk.—Ex.

The "Messenger," San Francisco, for a beginner, presents a very favorable appearance. As a school paper is supposed to be the product of the students, we think that the department entitled "Odds and Ends" is out of place. We think that most of its jokes should be classified under this head.

The editorial space of the "Purple and White," Redding, is too long and drawn out. Many subjects it contains could very well be classified under another heading, for instance, School Notes, Locals, etc.

If the students were half as active in giving their paper some good material as their business manager is in getting advertisements, the paper would present a far better appearance.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself has said,  
As he aimed at a tack and missed the head  
"—!—!—!—!—!—!—!"—Ex.

The G. H. S. "Journal," San Francisco, and the Alameda "Acorn" come to us looking very neat in their white and gold covers. We were not surprised at the excellence of their literary work.

If any one should ask you if girls have a poetic nature, look in the G. H. S. J. and see.

Yes, to tell the truth, we really think the "Salute," Portland, Or., has given us the "go by." Not an exchange since November, and that was one of their off numbers.

First Flea—"Been on a vacation, have you?"

Second Flea—"No, not exactly. I've been on a tramp for a month."—Ex.

Such papers as the "Olla Podrida," Berkeley, "The Russ," San Diego, and "The Adjutant," San Rafael, are above criticism.

"The Normal Pennant," San Jose, is a paper that wants to know why she is not criticised. Well, all we want you to do is just to give us the chance.

The "Blue and White," San Francisco, is one of the most looked for and regular of our exchanges.

When we feel like a good story we go to the "Blue and White." When we wish to increase our store of knowledge, we read such articles as "First Principles of Mining Engineering."

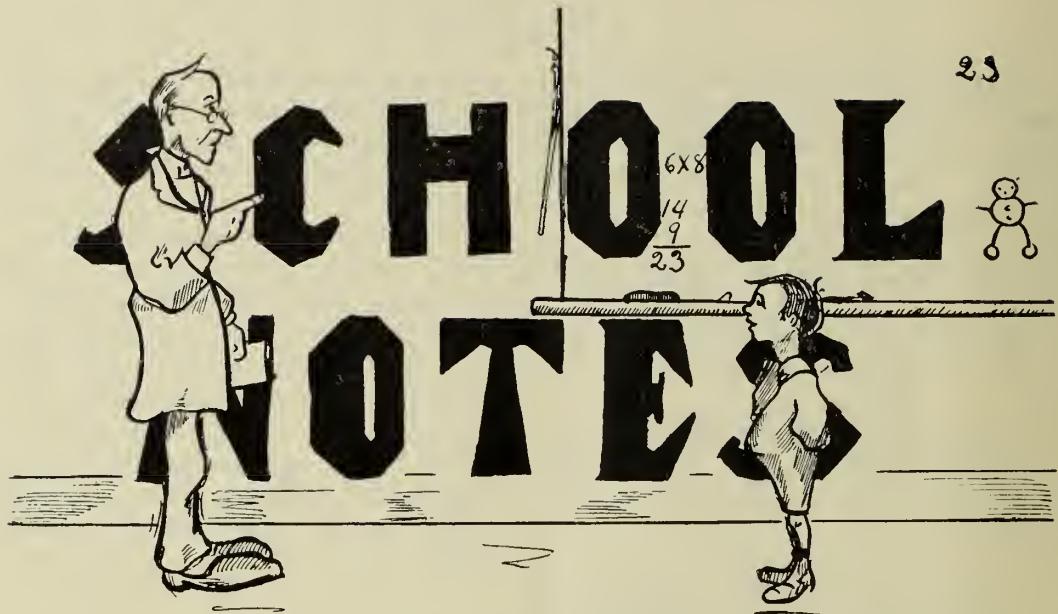
We believe, however, that the editor has undertaken quite a task to criticise Mr. Kipling, as he does, and in about twelve short lines at that. Why, anybody who never heard of him would form an awful opinion after reading the article.

"A Trip to Loch Lomond," in the "Recruit," Irvington, abounds in fine descriptions. Unlike most stories of its kind, it has the faculty of being interesting.

The "Blue and White," all the way from Hawaii, impresses us very favorably. That's a husky bunch in the track team picture!

It will be impossible to criticise any more exchanges in this number, owing to the lack of space. We dislike very much to let exchanges, which have been sent to us to get our opinion of them, pass by without even a few words and we humbly apologize to the following: "The Occidental," Los Angeles; "The Cardinal," Covina; "The Fresno Owl," "The Wild Cat," Los Gatos; "The H. S. Pedestal," Walla Walla; "The Skirmisher," San Mateo.





When the cooking class entered their room on the morning of the 15th of February a very odd-looking package met their astonished gaze. It was marked, "To the cooking class. A belated valentine from an appreciative pedagogue," and it did not take long for the class to investigate the contents. The box was full of pink baby roses and asparagus fern. The donor was to have remained anonymous, but the girls soon found her out and Miss Bridgeman was showered with thanks.

The Alumni entertainment and dance, which was given at Hinman's Hall on the 25th of February, was in every way a success. The program started in with an overture by Cecil's orchestra, and was followed by a vocal solo by Miss Mary Scott. This was followed by a recitation by Mr. Ed. Loebner and then M. E. Larsen played a violin solo. After another selection by the orchestra, the following took part in a very successful farce, entitled "Larkin's Love Letter!" Loren Alexander, William F. Gorman, H. C. McDougall, Alfreda M. Brooks and Charlotte Hucks. The farce ended about a

quarter past nine and fifteen minutes later the dancing started.

Some of our faculty have been having quite a time keeping the time, but when they bring alarm clocks to school we notice that the key for the alarm spring is always broken and we wonder why.

Mr. Sam Russell, '01, is about to make a two-months' visit to the factories of the Johns-Manville Company of New York. Mr. Russell is manager of the San Francisco branch of the company and is taking his Eastern trip to perfect himself in his line, as the company intends to make their headquarters in this city.

The correction for another mistake which was made in the Alumni number has come under our notice. Mr. F. W. Lurmaun is in the building business in San Francisco and is not, as was stated, in Alaska.

Mr. Fred H. Tibbets has charge of the Mathematics Courses formerly taught by Mr. Kalmus. Mr. Tibbets is a graduate of the College of Liberal Arts and Col-

lege of Commerce of the University of the Pacific. He also is a graduate of the College of Civil Engineering at University of California, where he was engaged as an instructor during the past year. Mr. Tibbetts was prominently connected with the government irrigation work in the Santa Clara valley.

The girls of the cooking class kept St. Patrick's Day as well as Washington's Birthday. On each occasion they decorated the table for the teachers and gave each a small souvenir of the luncheon.

On Saturday, February 11, the Senior Class in Strength of Materials went to Berkeley for tests at the Government Testing Station at the college. Mr. Merrill and Mr. Tibbetts accompanied the class. Mr. Hunt, who has charge of the station, conducted the tests. A large number of specimens were broken and considerable valuable data acquired. After the experiments, Mr. Tibbetts kindly conducted a number of the boys through the different buildings and explained a great deal about the courses that they intended to follow. An accommodating bunch of Juniors chucked a Sophomore into the fish pond, principally for the amusement of the Lick crowd, and incidentally for the heinous offense of wearing corduroys on the campus.

All expectations for the '05 Christmas dance were fulfilled and all agree in saying that it was a dandy.

Mr. Dick has been quite ill of late and was unable to meet his classes. We trust that he will soon recover.

Following out the example set by the Universities and in order to cultivate

class spirit, all of the classes have organized.

The newly elected officers are as follows:

'06 President ..... Jerome Barieau  
Vice-President ..... Alice English  
Secretary ..... John Pellage  
Treasurer ..... Edward Hunt  
Sergeant-at-Arms ..... William Marcus

#### COMMITTEE.

Leon Vanatta  
Elwood Boobar  
Miss Lucy Jacobs.

'07 President ..... Edgar Randall  
Vice-President ..... Florence McIntosh  
Secretary ..... Helen Turner  
Sergeant-at-Arms ..... Alfred Rodda

#### COMMITTEE OF AFFAIRS.

Chairman ..... Harry Dearin  
Secretary ..... Frank Allen  
Ada Roos,  
Lester Uren,  
Eva Nordwell,  
Ernest Thompson,  
Harold Taylor.

'08 President ..... Ralph Miller  
Vice-President ..... Theo. Everett  
Secretary ..... Miss Hazel Henderson  
Treasurer ..... Gregory Padilla  
Sergeant-at-Arms ..... Graham Mitchell

#### COMMITTEE OF AFFAIRS.

Chairman ..... Ralph Coleman  
Louise Houston,  
Paul Miller,  
Walter Buescher,  
Augusta May.

While experimenting with silver nitrate in the Chemistry Laboratory recently, Messrs. Walker and Canham had their faces and hands badly burned. The Beaker tipped over during the experiment and the splashing acid ruined the clothes

of several of the others who were standing near, as well as burning the persons already mentioned.

Miss Gertrude Boyle, '98, has temporarily abandoned her sculpturing and will, during her period of relaxation, edit a new monthly magazine published under her supervision.

The class of '05 have lost two of its stanch supporters within the last month—

Jack Doughty and Ed Symmes. We wish them success in their undertakings.

The Seniors have been awaiting the U. C. examiners, but as yet they have not made their appearance.

Elmo Cope, '04, is having hard luck on the track at Stanford. His foot is in such condition that he will in all probability be unable to run in this year's meets.

## The German Festival.

In the words of the poet, the Dutch Fest "has came and went." It was great. You can't classify it, it's in a class all of its own.

Of course, the main features were the Christmas tree and the "feed." Never was there such a tree and such presents and never such a "feed!"

It was a night of surprises. Of course, everyone was rigged out in outlandish costumes. Our "sober" faculty were there with bells. Miss Otto was "immense" as an old Dutch frau, and Miss Menzel took the cake as a peasant woman. Miss Southwick was not the Grace Ruth Carlyle Suthick, dispenser of the glories of English literature, but instead, was a little red-cheeked, giggling girlie.

All the students were brilliant as to makeup. Rosenstein was the Santa Claus and Mick Irving was butler and master of ceremonies. Brick White of the mighty arm and tackling ability, tackled something easy this time, the role of a Reuben. It was so natural and it surely came easy to Brick. Ike Doane was there with a prominent "Billy Bounce" effect. Wallie Hund was the "Doctor Isenbart" of poetic fame, serene and placid in his high silk hat and long black whiskers. Incidentally there was a long pipe, which caused the poor doctor much mental (?)

anguish later in the evening.

And then there were the girls, the lovely girls, "Lizzie" Joe Hill, in a fetching evening dress; Symmes in a similar attire, "Pink" Carr, with a Janice Meredith curl on a rather muscular shoulder; Erskine as "Seaside Sally," in a white gown; Dick Pierce, in a beautiful dark yellow creation, covered with black spangles and lace, which tore awfully easy; and Seminario, saleslady in the ribbon department at Prager's, and possessed of a continuous, conscientious, concentration of the jaws. And last, but not least, was Sam Hyman, done up as Mother Katzenjammer, with a huge assortment of pillows to give him the necessary circumference. You could n't get near enough to hug him. One fellow tried to embrace him, but had to put his arms around Sam's dainty waist in relays. Space won't permit us to describe the others, but everyone was funnier than the first.

Carr, Girms, Doane and Bowley gave a farce in some strange language which was advertised as German. After that came the "Tannenbaum," with its loads of presents. Then came the feed and most of the fun. After that came the violent efforts to remove the grease paint and the next morning came the headache. But it was worth it a hundred times.

# A Valentine.

(Fondly dedicated to the German Seniors, which chronicles an event of "that fatal day.")

## I.

Up from the basement that fatal day,  
Bringing hearts both light and gay,  
Came the German Seniors with smiles galore,  
Like cherubims to the German door;  
But, ah, their hearts were very sore  
As they saw the look that the teacher bore,  
*And the office only a step away.*

## II.

And sadder still these cherubs grew,  
Wondering what in the world they'd do,  
As clearly toward them the order rolled  
Making the blood of the listeners cold  
The order known to them of old,  
They knew it would certainly be a cold day  
*In the office only a step away.*

## III.

'But there is a "*Man in the Office*" there  
A right brave Man, I dare aver,  
And there in the flush of the morning light  
His sharp eyes saw the cherubs' plight,  
He was seen to dart as with eagle flight  
Right into the midst of that cherub band  
And He took the little boys in hand,  
Hopes rose and fell, but He had His say,  
*In the office only a step away.*

## IV.

The first that the teacher saw was the crowd  
Of stragglers, now neither gay nor proud,  
Come in through the door as if under arrest  
By the "*Man from the office*," who rapidly pressed  
To the forward ranks and made a spiel  
Which—well, ask the Seniors how they feel!  
Says He, "I've brought these cherubs gay,  
*From the office only a step away.*"

## V.

The cherubs flew to their desks with speed  
While the "*Man from the Office*" spoke of the need  
That the cherubs feel for a sandwich cold  
Just before entering the German fold.  
Betwixt English and German a game of tag  
Or to stand in the corridor chewing the —  
Are diversions of course that can't hold sway  
*With the office only a step away.*



# SHOP NOTES

Von GELDERN  
'07

The woodworking department has been engaged in a variety of work this quarter. Much of the work started last quarter is being completed. Many pieces of ornamental woodwork have been finished and taken home, while tool chests and pieces of furniture about the shop are evidence that the boys are becoming expert in the use of their edge tools. Patterns for various castings are in the course of construction, most prominent of which are those for the steam engine, a duplicate of our present shop engine. The two band saws are in constant demand.

In the forge shop the boys are making tongs of different sizes, some extra large ones for holding three and four-inch pieces. Besides these are the exercises in dressing and tempering steel tools, such as center punches, cold chisels, lathe tools, etc. Miscellaneous forgings, as crankshafts, some ornamental iron work, shrinking band on a large broken casting, etc., are turned out from time to time. One four throw crankshaft for a four-cylinder gas engine has just been made. Sides and backs have been put on all the forges for the purpose (so Mr. Mathis says) of keeping the coal in place when the boys go to sleep. But we who have been there don't believe that; at least we

don't remember of ever having had a chance to sleep under his watchful eye. The "F" section, which has finished the course in forge work, go into the foundry next quarter.

Among the castings turned out in the foundry this quarter might be mentioned eight 1900-pound acid pans, all the castings for a 30 horse-power three-cylinder gasoline engine of the marine type, to be used on a fifty-foot launch, one dozen forges, designed by C. S. M. A. for the Kamehameha school of Hawaii; 2,000-pound ladle, with worm gear for use in the foundry, set of castings for the second hoist, and a ten horse-power electric motor.

Work in the machine shop is progressing at the usual rate. A number of outside jobs have been very creditably finished up. The 4x6 hoist and 2 1-2 horse-power gas engine are completed, and other work is being done on electric motors of different sizes, small four-cylinder gas engine, also small single-cylinder gas engine, pipe vise, etc. The shop lathes are being overhauled and put in first-class condition. With these various jobs under way the shop presents a busy appearance.

For smashers Course 4 claims the championship. We defy any other department to produce two like these: Mullen for smashing records, and "Herman" with a record for smashing everything

Hully gee! Did you see Mr. Gill, when he crawled out of the oil tank that day it rained so hard? He would have brought a good price at a soft-soap factory.

When the gas engine is given its official test we are going to put it behind a brick wall, touch it off with a red hot iron and run.

An echo—"Ain't—you—glad—you—are—through—Strength?"

Spotless and clean, Joe Hill is still with us.

"Commodore" Perry took a weld on his cap the other day, but it don't seem to have held.

If your tools do disappear  
And you've sought them far and near,  
You will find them, never fear,

In Rotger's drawer.  
How convenient this would be  
If, when things were missing, we  
Always could the wanderers see  
In Rotger's drawer.

If the world should sometime stray  
From its old appointed way,  
Would that we could find it, say  
In Rotger's drawer.

Or, when of wicked men we tell,  
Who've died and gone to—well,  
Some place. Perhaps they only fell  
Into Rotger's drawer.



## A Romance.

Summer's night,  
Moon quite bright,  
Romantic girl,  
Heart in whirl,  
Maid one!

Comes another,  
Heart's in flutter,  
This time, man,  
Same old fan,  
Maid won!

Organ's peal,  
Joy we feel,  
Cupid's decree,  
They shall be  
Made one!  
Jos. E. HILL, '05.



## TRACK.

Coach Cooley has been hard at work with the men and they are rapidly improving.

The best showing so far was the winning of the mile relay at the Y. M. C. A. indoor meet. This brought with it a beautiful gold trophy cup. Dodson, Mel, Howson, Mayes, O'Connor, Miller and Heitmuller were the team. At this same meet Moullen won the pole vault and Dodson broke the indoor record for the half-mile.

The inter-class field day was won by '05, with '06 a close second. Miller of '08 was the biggest surprise, for he easily demonstrated that he has the making of a splendid sprinter. He will be a welcome addition to the team in the sprints.

We have hopes of annexing two more cups to our growing collection. The San Francisco field day ought to bring us one and we have a fair chance in the Bay Counties for another. Two very pretty cups are offered by these leagues.

The last field day and by far the most important is the A. A. L. We have won the two last and will make a strong bid for it again.

We expect to enter a strong relay team. Miller, O'Connor, Johns, Heitmuller, Dodson, Mel, Rogers, Doane and Girms

all ran strong laps, so we are by no means short of material.

Captain Moullen can be relied upon to do things again this year, and we hope he will be just as "destructive" as of old.

Dodson, our crack half-miler, is running in splendid form this year and will make a strong bid for the record.

Mayes is also in fine condition and should add quite a number of points to our score.

Johns is running well in the sprints and hurdles and is strong in the broad jump. Thompson is still the same gritty two-miler. Mel is strong in the quarter. Thompson II is a recent discovery, and should run strong in the 220. Davie Walker is still sprinting and from all indications should do things. All of the other members of the squad are in good shape and so our prospects for this season are very bright.

## B. C. L.

Lick will be the first school to have its name engraved on the new B. C. L. cup. The team has proved conclusively that the last A. A. L. victory was not a "horsehoe" in any sense of the word.

Captain Moullen added seven feet to the hammer throw record, got second in the shot put, and second in the pole, al-

though he vaulted four inches more than the man who won.

Miller did mighty well for a new man, not having the advantage of experience, which is so much in the start. He ran second in the hundred and third in the fifty.

Heitmuller won the 220 handily, with Chic O'Connor close to him in the third position.

It was the universal opinion that Dodson won the quarter, but we should be thankful that he was even conceded a tie for first place.

If Mayes only had his mile finish for the hundred, he would make a dandy sprinter. However, he is all right where he is, as he won the half and got second in the mile.

Ike Doane was right there in the hurdles, securing a second and a third place.

Thompson ran a gritty two miles against great odds, and earned a point in spite of the opposition to him.

The relay team, Thompson, Johns, Mel, Garms, Heitmuller and Dodson were given first place.

Manager Mel deserves great credit. He had the tent in fine shape and the men well cared for. Thanks are also due Charlie Naylor, '04, who helped a great deal in the tent, a rather unusual offer for an alumnus to make.

## BASEBALL.

So far this year, the baseball team has shown up very well and there are great possibilities of another championship coming to us. Manager Snell has been very successful in arranging practice games and has also been generous in furnishing supplies.

Mr. Merrill had the batting cage completed and Captain White has had his "merry men" out sharpening their batting eye. This ought to materially strengthen the bunch.

From last year's team we have six men left—White, Hall, Heitmuller, Dearin, Barieau and Hotchkiss. They form a good basis for this year's team. As we reached the finals last year, we will undoubtedly make a strong bid for the championship this season. The team has certainly shown up stronger than last year.

From the present showing the team will line up as follows: Pitcher, Captain White; catcher, Hall; first base, Heitmuller; second base, Acton; third base, Dearin; short stop, Hotchkiss; left field, Barieau; center field, Miller. Right field is rather in doubt, there being a number of good fielders trying out.

The batting of the team is one of its strongest features, for the five games already played demonstrate that six of our men are good for one hit a game at least.

Our first game was with the "Foot-hills," whom we defeated by a score of 27 to 5. Except for a good showing for so early in the season, the game was without features.

Belmont was the next victim. We consider this the most important game we have won this year, as Belmont has not been beaten by a high school team in four years. Therefore, we can be justly proud. The boys showed how they could bat in this game.

In the third game we defeated the U. C. Dentals by a score of 9 to 0.

St. Mathew's School was beaten by the small score of 8 to 4. We should have administered a shutout, but the fellows were a little too confident.

There is no person at Lick but what has heard of the virtues of the Commercial High team. After having beaten Lowell, Poly, Wilmerding, Cogswell and Mission, the members of the Commercial team decided that there would be no work in the Lick game except to run around the bases. Consequently it was advertised that the only possible doubt was the size

of the score. However, fifteen of their men fanned the air, and the best they could do was one scratch base hit.

Our first league game comes on April 1st. We hope it will prove an April Fool for Lowell, as they expect to beat us. Our next game is with Mission and if we beat them we will more than probably win the sub-league, as Mission is the strongest team opposing us.

A word about the merits of the different players:

Captain White, as a pitcher, is a star and with a little more control would be the best in the league.

Hall is undoubtedly the best catcher in the league. It's certain that he is the only man we have who can hold White.

Heitmuller, at first, needs no one to voice his merits, for he easily demonstrates them.

Dearin, although a fielder, has developed into a peach of a third baseman.

Acton, on second, is a reliable player, but he needs speed.

Barieau, in left field, is a human pocket.

Miller is a good reliable fielder.

Nast is a good fielder, but is weak at the bat.

## SWIMMING.

On Friday evening, March 3d, our sturdy athletes captured another championship. The closeness of the score indicates how hard our men had to strive to win.

The school is justly proud of Bromley for his great performances in the 100 and 220-yard races. It was not expected that he would win these events as "dope" said that Fay of Wilmerding would beat him. He rose nobly to the occasion, however, and not only got two first places, but broke both records, clipping eight seconds off the time for the 220, and three-fifths off the hundred.

When you stop to consider how good these records were before, you will realize that this places Bromley as the best short distance scholastic swimmer on this Coast, and one of the best in the United States.

Captain Day swam a good half-mile, getting second place and adding the points necessary for us to win.

Another man, who does not attend Lick, but who deserves great credit for his splendid showing, is Mackenzie of Poly. His capture of the half-mile, after having broken the 440-yard record, only tends to show what grit and determination will do. He has the respect of every Lick man.

## BASKETBALL.

Lick 11—Corinthian 5  
 Lick 15—Oakland High (2nd) 10.  
 Lick 17—Oak. C. C. Corps 24.  
 Lick 17—Wilmerding 5  
 Lick 23—Corinthian 12  
 Lick 14—Lowell 6  
 Lick 7—Mission 27  
 Lick 18—Polytechnic 15.  
 Lick 15—Wilmerding 2

Owing to the lack of interest in basketball it was very hard to organize a winning team. This game is rapidly advancing, however, and next year Lick should have a good team as the school has any amount of good material.

This season Captain Doane had a hard time finding a full squad of men, but he finally succeeded and had a very successful season. The practice games did a great deal toward developing the team and the boys got so they could play good team work.

In the league game against Mission the team received no support whatever from the school and this lack of encouragement accounts for the one-sided score. No excuses are necessary, however, as we

were against a better and more experienced team.

Of the other games little may be said for we won all of them, including the one against our old rival, Polytechnic.

With regards individual work Johns ranks as the star of the team. His brilliant work not only gained many points for the team, but also encouraged the other players.

In the game against Polytechnic he made sixteen of our points, throwing the basket which won the game.

Captain Doane played a very good game throughout the season. He played most of the games as a forward, but when he changed to guard his playing improved greatly.

Bromley played well at center and sometimes as guard. The only criticism is that he does not watch his opponent quite close enough. His hard playing greatly helped the team toward success.

Bowley played a good center, very seldom allowing his opponent to take the ball from him in the initial play. The fact that he was a new man at the game adds greatly to the record he made for himself.

De Wolfe, although unable to take part in league games, did fine work whenever he was in the team. His improvement was very noticeable all through the season.

Stone played a reliable game when given an opportunity.

Strauss also held down his position satisfactorily, only forgetting the basket now and then.

Cooper did not have an opportunity to show his ability, but with practice should develop into a successful player.

The line-up of the team was: Johns, Bowley and Rogers, forwards; Johns and Bowley, centers, and Doane, Strauss, Bromley, Cooper and Stone guards. De Wolfe played forward when he was in

the game. The team which defeated Polytechnic was: Johns and Rogers, forwards; Bowley, center, and Doane and Bromley, guards.

Of the entire team Bromley, Johns and Cooper are the only ones who do not graduate, but there is sufficient material in the school to have a good, if not a championship team next year.

EDWIN A. ROGERS.

## FOOTBALL.

On December 15 the team left for Los Angeles to play the Los Angeles High team for the state championship. When they arrived in Los Angeles they expected to be met by some of the Los Angeles team who would show them the common courtesies. Instead, upon their arrival, nobody met them. They were in Los Angeles six days and the only one who came to see our fellows was Nast, their crack half, who came around after the game and said they fairly won it.

This was the treatment they received before the game. As they ran out on the field to try a few plays, they were hissed by the crowd and heard such remarks as "Kill the — lobsters!"

Although the Los Angeles fellows acted shabbily before and after the game, they played clean and hard and in this way won our respect.

At the kick-off, we carried the ball fifty yards, only to lose it on a fumble. Los Angeles then advanced it thirty yards, but fumbled, White falling on the ball. On the next play, Chic O'Connor shot around the Los Angeles team for a run of sixty-five yards to a touchdown. Moullen kicked the goal. Score, Lick 6, L. A. 0.

Lick kicked off and Los Angeles returned it. Hall lost the ball on a fumble. Los Angeles began a system of attacks outside our tackles for gains of one to three yards. On these tactics they made

a touchdown. Nast, their half, did most of the gaining. Score, Lick 6, Los Angeles 6.

Los Angeles kicked off; Lick brought the ball back 85 yards to within 8 yards of their goal, using the shift play and sending Snell through on bucks. There we lost it on one of the rankest decisions ever given by an official on a football field. Los Angeles bucked 30 yards, but lost the ball on downs. Lick tried shifts and straight plays to suck in their ends. How well we accomplished this can be shown, when, a few seconds later, O'Connor shot out around the end on the old criss-cross for a 45-yard run to a touchdown. Moullen missed the goal. Score, Lick 11, Los Angeles 6.

The ball traveled back and forth, neither team gaining consistently. Finally, Los Angeles began the same old tactics and scored. Score, Lick 11, Los Angeles 11.

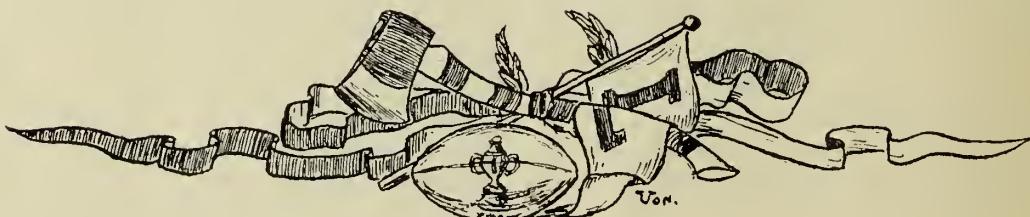
Again the ball zigzagged. With but

six minutes to play, Moullen carried the ball over the line, making the score 16 to 11.

In the next six minutes Los Angeles carried the ball to our five-yard line, where we held her for downs. The referee gave us the ball and our quarter had instructions to kick when the Los Angeles coach ran out on the field, took the referee aside and talked to him. He returned and informed us that he had made a mistake and that Los Angeles had had only two downs. Coast Cavanaugh then called the team from the field. Los Angeles then carried the ball over the line and kicked the goal. They claimed the game by a score of 17 to 16.

The referee finally wrote a letter to the A. A. L., stating the facts of the case and saying that he gave Los Angeles four downs and he had made a mistake at the time.

The team won the respect of everyone they came in contact with for their gentlemanly conduct on and off the field.





# JOKES

First Man—"It's too bad you didn't live about thirty years ago."

Second Man—"How's that?"

First Man—"Why, if you had lived thirty years ago and looked in the mirror you would have discovered the theory of the evolution of man."

---

Student, showing visitor through school—"This is the mechanical drawing department."

Visitor—"My, how cool the air is."

Student, with a grin—"Yes, our instructor keeps the atmosphere pretty well fanned."

---

Mr. Monson (lecturing)—"The Indians made signs of nature and living objects their language. For instance, if they wished to represent the Little Horn river they draw a little horn, and if they wished to represent the Big Horn river, they draw a big horn."

Inquisitive Student—"How did they represent the Little Big Horn?"

---

Miss Otto (dictating a German lesson)—"Now, class, take lines 48, 67 and 102."

Chic O'Connor (dreaming of the old days)—"Signals?"

#### *Out at the Tennis Courts.*

He—"My darling, we have passed many happy hours together. When I am with you I forget all else. You, and you alone, occupy my waking and my sleeping thoughts. I love you madly, desperately. Tell me again you will be true to me."

A great love illuminated his face. Dropping on his knees, he exclaimed passionately, "Darn it, I've ruined my white trousers."

---

#### *After the Stag Dinner.*

Toklas (reading Grey's Elegy)—"Can storied urn or animated bust," etc.

Miss Southwick (gazing o'er the weary wrecks)—"I'm afraid these 'animated busts' are not conducive of good recitations."

Sickening silence. Then a wailing chant from the corner:

"It is no time for mirth and laughter,  
The cold dull gray of the morning after."

---

Miss Adams (in industrial history)—"There is only one good colonial system and that is the Dutch, so I'll ask Mr. Garms to recite on it."

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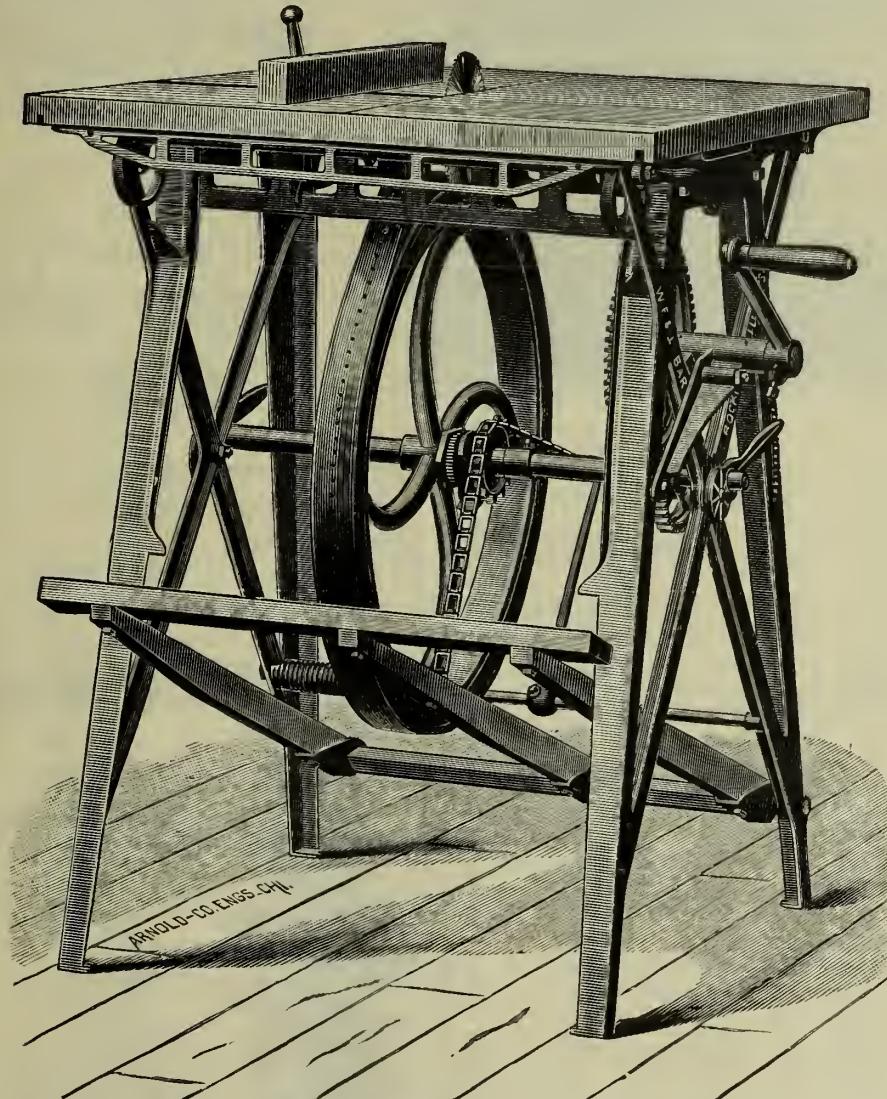
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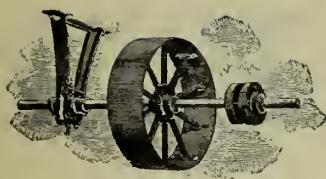
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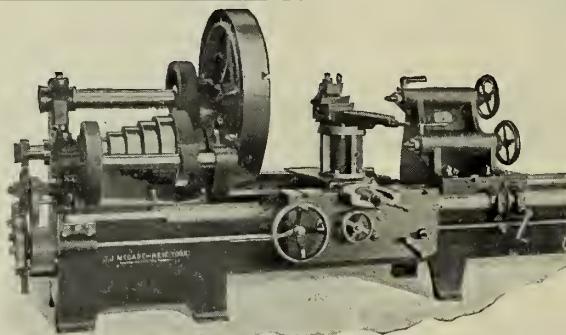
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Let no one in that Age can dismay,  
Turn the calendar back in its swift pace,  
Let no one enter with saddened face.

Let the Circle of Time swing on as it may,  
We'll count not our age by the year or the  
day;

When our spirits are young and we  
glean but the best;  
Time may speed as it will—Old Age  
is a jest.

Old Time is false with its months and its  
years,

Let us gather the smiles and have none of  
the fears,

Hide the cares from the world, give it  
only the joy,

Laugh, sing and be gay, then you're  
always a boy.

A. L. BEAL, '07.

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"Vacation" is issued annually by the

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*Applications by mail will receive immediate response.*

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Herr Blade (in German)—"But, Miss Otto, 'Wir kommt einmal spat nach hause,' isn't good English, is it?"

Miss Adams was discussing the methods of the Spanish priests in the Philippines. "What's a friar?" said Shorty Howson. "A tender, young chicken, of course," replied Hotchkiss.

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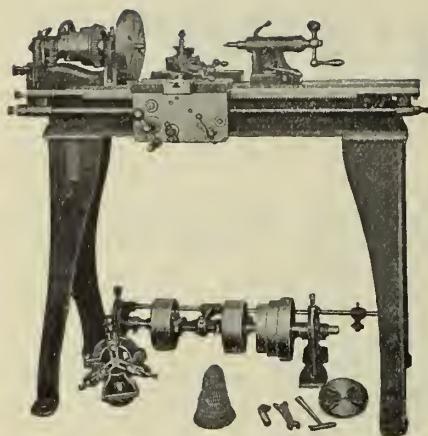


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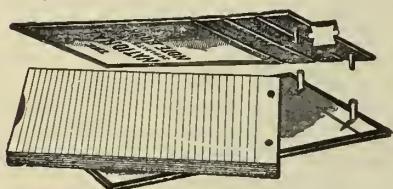
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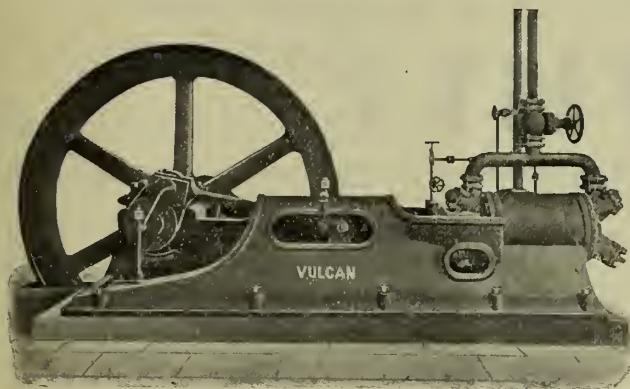
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### EXPERIMENT No. 116.

McBoyle—"Mr. Willard, where shall we find the dimes for the next experiment?"

Mr. Willard—"In your pocket." McB. (after digging for a while)—"There aren't any there, Mr. Willard!"

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Student—"Stucco is made by mixing gypsum with a large solution."

Professor—"Large solution of what?"

Student—"The text does not state, sir. It just says it is mixed with a solution of size."

Miss Menzel—"In technical perspective the horizon line is five feet from the base of the picture plane."

Markwart—"Well, how about us six-footers?"

Miss M.—"Oh, they dig a hole for you."

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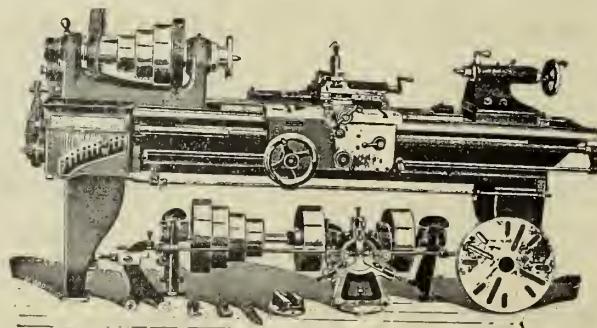
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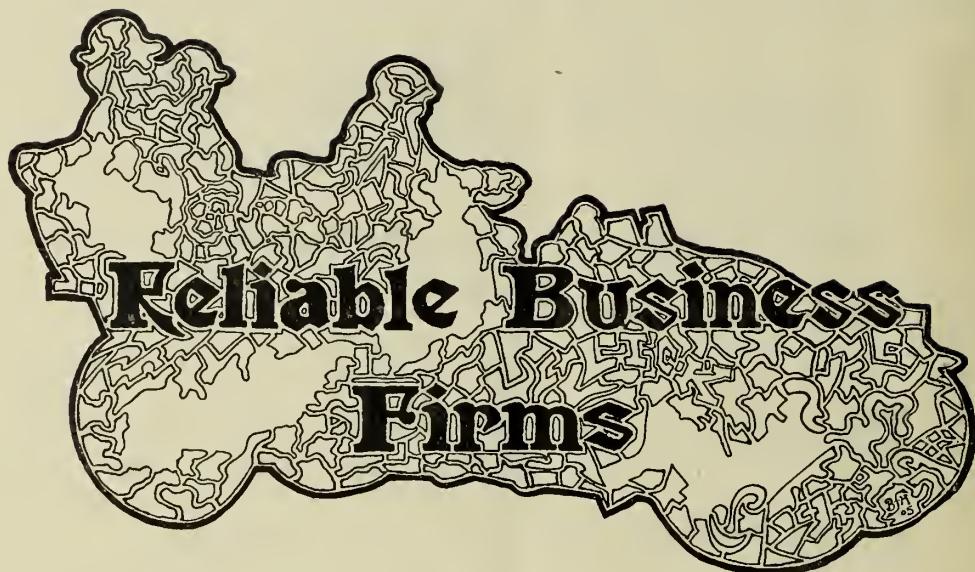
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“ Faint heart ne’er bluffed math. instructor.”

“ One ‘G’ in the books is worth two ‘E’s’ in the bush.”

“ Queening is the thief of time.”

“ Flunks never come singly.”

Mr. Drew—“A joke is ne’er too old to be retold.”

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Porter (good naturedly) — “Why, we’re right on time, boss. We done changed our number.”

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Hyman (whispering to next fellow after a question had been propounded by Mr. Tibbets)—“Any durn fool could answer that question. I wish he’d asked me.”

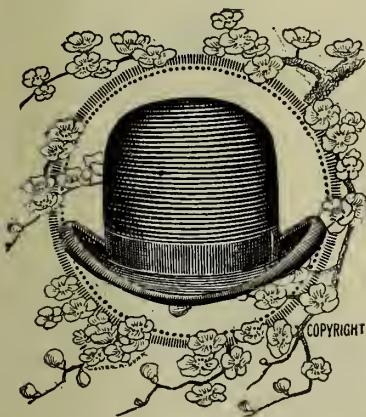
It is told of a certain math. instructor that when engaged he signed himself to his fiancee “Yours approximately,” and that now he calls himself her “conjugate.”

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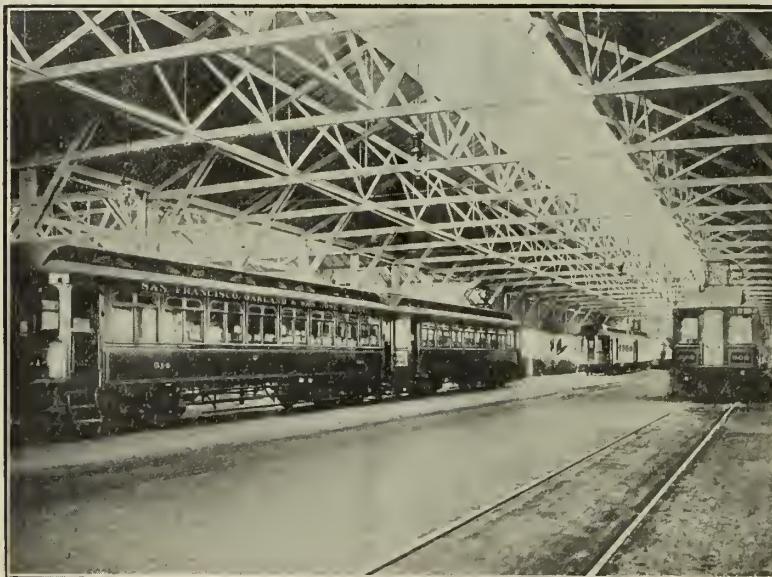
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DATE DUE

48

THE TIGER.

# SAN FRANCISCO, OAKLAND AND SAN JOSE RY.



## Leave San Francisco for Oakland, Berkeley and Piedmont Avenue.

*6:00	*6:40	7:00	*7:20	*7:40	8:00	*8:20	*8:40	9:00	9:20	9:40	10:00	10:20	10:40	11:00	11:20	11:40	A. M.
12:00	12:20	12:40	1:00	1:20	1:40	2:00	2:20	2:40	3:00	3:20	3:40	4:00	4:20	4:40	5:00	5:20	5:40
6:00	6:20	6:40	7:00	7:45	8:30	9:30	10:30	11:30									

## Leave Berkeley for San Francisco.

*5:45	*6:20	*6:40	7:00	*7:20	*7:40	8:00	*8:20	*8:40	9:00	9:20	9:40	10:00	10:20	10:40	11:00	11:20	
11:40	A. M.	12:00	12:20	12:40	1:00	1:20	1:40	2:00	2:20	2:40	3:00	3:20	3:40	4:00	4:20	4:40	
5:00	5:20	5:40	6:00	6:20	6:40	6:55	7:00	7:40	8:25	9:25	10:25	11:25					

## Leave Piedmont Avenue for San Francisco.

*5:47	*6:22	*6:42	7:02	*7:22	*7:42	8:02	*8:22	*8:42	9:02	9:22	9:42	10:02	10:22	10:42	11:02	11:22	
11:42	A. M.	12:02	12:22	12:42	1:02	1:22	1:42	2:02	2:22	2:42	3:02	3:22	3:42	4:02	4:22	4:42	
5:02	5:22	5:42	6:02	6:22	6:42	6:55	7:02	7:42	8:27	9:27	10:27	11:27					

## Leave San Pablo Avenue for San Francisco.

*5:53	*6:28	*6:48	7:08	*7:28	*7:48	8:08	*8:28	*8:48	9:08	9:28	9:48	10:08	10:28	10:48	11:08	11:28	
11:48	A. M.	12:08	12:28	12:48	1:08	1:28	1:48	2:08	2:28	2:48	3:08	3:28	3:48	4:08	4:28	4:48	
5:08	5:28	5:48	6:08	6:28	6:48	7:03	7:07	7:48	8:33	9:33	10:33	11:33					

\*Daily except Sunday.      {Daily except Saturday and Sunday.      Trains to and from Berkeley do not stop at San Pablo Avenue Station.

Trains leaving Berkeley Station at 7 and 9 A. M. and at 4 and 7:40 P. M., stop at San Pablo Avenue Station connecting with east bound Santa Fe trains.

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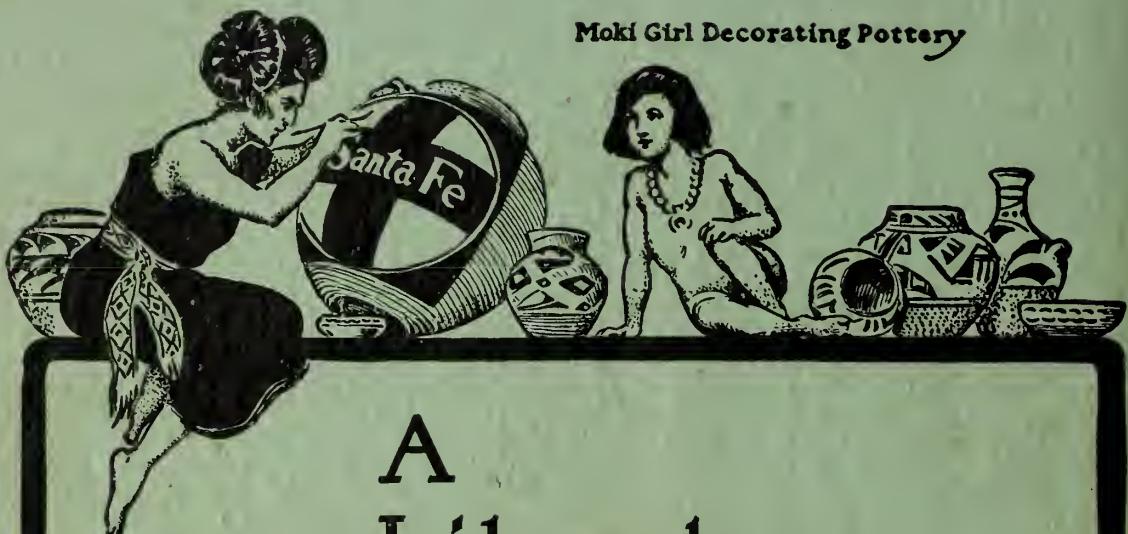
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